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The Man Without a Country

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By

GLADYS RUTH BRIDGHAM

Author of "Leave it to Polly," "A Regular Scream," "Not on the Programme," "A Modern Cinderella," "On the Quiet," "A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy," "Sally Lunn," "Six Times Nine," "Cupid's Partner," "Her First Assignment," "A Case for Sherlock Holmes," "Ring-Around-a-Rosie," "Three of a Kind," "The Turn in the Road," "The Queen of Hearts," etc.

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The Man Without a Country

CHARACTERS

The cast of characters belonging to each scene will be found at the beginning of the scene. Some of the leading characters appear in all the scenes ; all of the minor characters in the different scenes may be represented by the same people by "doubling." Forty-six male and five female speaking characters in all are called for, but this number may be greatly reduced in performance, as above.

SCENERY

The locality of the several scenes need only be suggested by appropriate furniture and properties and the simplest backgrounds. One set of ship scenery only is required, as its component items may be shifted about, as suggested in each scene, to represent different ships. The scenery is unimportant ; the patriotic spirit of the lines and incidents will make such matters of small moment.

SYNOPSIS

Scene 1.—Room in Fort Sumter, April, 1861.
Scene 2.—Deck of U. S. Frigate, *Paul Revere*, April 12, 1861.
Scene 3.—Deck of U. S. Frigate, *Resolute*, 1871.
Scene 4.—Deck of a U. S. Torpedo-boat Destroyer, May, 1898.
Scene 5.—Deck of a U. S. Scout Ship, 1916.
Scene 6.—Nolan's quarters on Scout Ship, May 11, 1918.

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The Man Without a Country

SCENE I

CHARACTERS

MAJOR ANDERSON, *president of Court Martial.*
JUDGE ADVOCATE.
EIGHT OFFICERS.
ORDERLY.
GUARD.
LIEUT. PHILIP NOLAN, *the prisoner.*
LIEUT. AUSTIN HASTINGS, *a witness.*

(NOLAN *and* HASTINGS *are represented as being about twenty-one years old.*)

The Man Without a Country

SCENE I

SCENE.—*A room in Fort Sumter, April, 1861. This may be a plain room or on a stage where it is possible a more elaborate plan of a casement may be carried out. There are exits* C. *and* R. *A long table stands at* R. C. *of room with plain wooden chairs, one at head, one at foot and four on each side; another chair down* L. *and another at* L. *near wall. A good effect is obtained by having the room rather dark, bayonets with lighted candles in them stuck in the table.*

(*As the curtain rises the Court Martial is in session.* MAJOR ANDERSON *sits at head of table as President of the Court Martial; four* OFFICERS *sit at each side of table;* JUDGE ADVOCATE *at the foot, half back to audience. An* ORDERLY *stands by door* C. LIEUT. PHILIP NOLAN, *the prisoner, stands* L. C., *facing* JUDGE ADVOCATE. *A guard stands in the background a short distance from* NOLAN.)

JUDGE ADVOCATE (*to* NOLAN). Lieutenant Nolan, as Judge Advocate of this Court, I strongly advise you, for your own good, to change your attitude toward this Court. You are on trial as a traitor to your country. You do not seem to realize the solemnity nor the seriousness of this occasion. The evidence is entirely against you and yet you say nothing in your own behalf.

NOLAN (*haughtily*). I have nothing to say.

ADV. You are making a grave mistake. That will do. (NOLAN *takes chair by wall; his attitude is of sulky indifference.* JUDGE ADVOCATE *to* MAJOR ANDERSON.)

There is but one more witness. I ask the Court that he may be called.

MAJOR (*consults his notes; to* ORDERLY). Call Lieutenant Hastings.

(ORDERLY *exits* C.; *reënters, followed by* HASTINGS. HASTINGS *salutes Court and takes position* L. C. ADV. *takes Bible from table, reaches it across table to* HASTINGS. HASTINGS *steps toward table* R., *glove off, hand on Bible, and takes oath.*)

ADV. (*rises; speaks rapidly*). You, Lieutenant Austin Hastings, do solemnly swear that the evidence you give before this Court shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? (HASTINGS *bows, hand down, steps back.* ADV., *to witness.*) You know the prisoner?

HASTINGS. I do.

ADV. How long?

HASTINGS. Twenty years.

ADV. Good friends?

HASTINGS. Couldn't be better.

ADV. You understand the charge against Lieutenant Nolan?

HASTINGS. I do.

ADV. I called you, Lieutenant Hastings, in behalf of the prisoner, who refuses to speak for himself. I wish to go back to your boyhood friendship with him and ——

MAJOR A. (*interrupting*). I see no reason for this. The Court is not interested in the early life of the prisoner.

ADV. (*to* MAJOR A.). I only wish to bring before the Court the causes which have led up to the unfortunate position in which the prisoner is now placed.

MAJOR A. I cannot see why the Court should be burdened with such a recital. It is the thing which has happened, not the reasons thereof with which the Court is concerned. The prisoner makes no effort to excuse his conduct. Why should we trouble ourselves with extenuating circumstances which might possibly be excuse for his conduct? He is either guilty or not guilty of this offense. If he is guilty there is no excuse which will avail him anything.

ADV. (*quickly to witness*). Step aside if you please.

(HASTINGS *salutes and takes chair down* L.)

MAJOR A. (*to* NOLAN). Prisoner! (NOLAN, *with a bored expression, rises and steps forward.*) You have been false to your flag, to the uniform you wear, to your country to which you swore on your faith as a Christian to be true—the country which has fed and clothed you and given you the sword which you have worn. I give you one more chance to speak. To convince us that you intended to be faithful to the United States.

NOLAN. D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!

(*All spring to their feet and look at* NOLAN *in horror; there is a moment of deadly silence.*)

MAJOR A. (*to the Court*). Gentlemen, I ask you to retire with me to prepare sentence on the prisoner.

(ORDERLY *opens door* R.; *the Court files out.* NOLAN *stands looking after them, beginning to realize what he has said.*)

HASTINGS (*steps toward* NOLAN *and speaks in half whisper*). My God, Phil! What have you done?

NOLAN (*trying to cover nervousness*). I don't know nor care. They have goaded me to it with their everlasting dribble about "your country—your country—your country"! What kind of a country have we got? Look at the situation to-day! One more spark will kindle the fire and we stand a country divided instead of united and—(*with a sarcastic laugh*) then we don't stand—we fall!

HASTINGS. Don't you believe it for half a minute. We stand not only to-day but forever. A few disloyal hearts will never tear down the flag of our ancestors. Men of your stamp may try but they never will succeed.

NOLAN. Austin, do you believe with the rest that I have a disloyal heart?

HASTINGS. What else can I believe? I have known you from boyhood and I thought I knew your heart as well as my own. I thought your motives had been mis-

understood. That back of it all you were true—but now—now I see why you didn't speak.

NOLAN. No, no, you are mistaken! I wouldn't speak because I thought they should have seen for themselves.

HASTINGS. In face of all the evidence against you?

NOLAN. Circumstantial.

HASTINGS. Did any one prove that to the Court?

NOLAN. Austin, it isn't possible that you are going to turn against me? Just for a few hasty words! You, the most loyal friend I ever had!

HASTINGS. What else can you expect? An officer's most loyal friends are his sword, his flag, his country. One by one you have let these slip from you. Is it strange that mere man should go, too? (*Turns away.*)

NOLAN (*aghast*). Austin!

(ORDERLY *opens door* R.; *Court enters and take places.* HASTINGS *stands down* L., *facing Court.* NOLAN *changes his attitude and regards Court with a sarcastic smile.*)

MAJOR A. Prisoner! (NOLAN *steps to position, throws his head back and looks at* MAJOR A. *defiantly.*) Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again.

(NOLAN *gives a ringing laugh but* HASTINGS, *realizing what the sentence means, lets his hand fall to his sword, closes his eyes and puts the other hand to his throat as if stifling.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

CHARACTERS

CAPT. BIGELOW.
LIEUT. HAINES.
LIEUT. NORFOLK.
LIEUT. ORVILLE.
LIEUT. MASON.
LIEUT. AUSTIN HASTINGS.
ENSIGN.
CAPTAIN'S BOY.
GUARD.
SAILOR.
SAM, *an American sailor.*
JACK, *a British sailor.*
PHILIP NOLAN.

SCENE II

SCENE.—*A portion of the deck of the U. S. Frigate "Paul Revere," April 12, 1861, off the coast of South Carolina. In the background, deck rail and rigging; down* L. *cabin door; at* R., *deck rail turns off and leads down* R., *supposed to lead to stairway to lower deck. A1* SENTRY *paces the deck at regular intervals.*

(*As curtain rises* JACK, *a British sailor, leans on the rail* L., *looking out to sea.* SAM, *an American sailor, enters* R.)

SAM (*to* JACK). See anything out there, mate?

JACK. Not Hi! Hall's serene.

SAM. Jest the calm before the storm, mark me!

JACK. Hi never knowed the Hamericans could set calm in the face o' ha storm. Blow me, if Hi don't think them fellers 'ave starved to death hout there.

SAM. Well, I did hear as how they ain't nothing left but pork and water, but belay me, if I don't think old Andy would hold Fort Sumter on nothing but water.

JACK. W'y don't 'e do something 'stead o' sit han starve?

SAM. He'll do all right when the time comes. Let 'em fire on him and you'll see.

JACK. I 'ope I will. Hit's your hown mess this time. We hain't in it but I'd jolly well like to see hit!

Enter CAPT. BIGELOW, R.

BIGELOW (*steps to rigging and looks up*). Lookout!

VOICE (*above*). All quiet, sir.

Enter LIEUT. HAINES *and* LIEUT. NORFOLK *from down* L.

BIGELOW (*to* HAINES). My compliments to Lieutenant Orville and Lieutenant Mason, and I would like to see them here immediately. You will return with them.

(HAINES *exits down* L.)

NORFOLK. Anything new in regard to the sailing orders, sir?

BIGELOW. No. We shall be under way shortly. It is Mr. Nolan I wish to speak of.

NORFOLK. Oh, the government's prisoner you were telling us about. Didn't you say he would be delivered to you before we sailed?

BIGELOW. Yes. I have received my orders from the Secretary of the Navy. The prisoner will doubtless be brought aboard within the hour. (HAINES *reënters from down* L., *followed by* LIEUT. ORVILLE *and* LIEUT. MASON.) I have here, gentlemen, a document which I would like you to listen to. (*Reads.*) "Washington, April 6, 1861. Sir:—You will receive from Lieutenant Hastings the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army. This person on his trial by court martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again. The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled. For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department. You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape. You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government. The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner. But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken. It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention. Resp'y yours, Gideon Welles, Sec'y of the Navy."

NORFOLK (*with a long breath*). What a sentence!

BIGELOW. No more than he deserves. He has cursed his country. Infamous at any time, how much worse to-day when we face the crisis of a Civil War, and loyalty to flag and country should be paramount in the heart of every man, officer or civilian.

HAINES. It seems as if it would be rather hard to carry out the orders, sir.

BIGELOW. Doubtless embarrassing situations will arise. We shall have to become accustomed to having him with us, and learn to guard our speech in his presence.

VOICE (*off* R.). Ahoy! *Revere* ahoy! Stand by the gig!

HAINES (*steps to rail at* R. *and looks down*). A gig, sir.

BIGELOW. The prisoner?

HAINES. I think so.

(*An* ENSIGN *enters* R., *and the* CAPTAIN'S BOY *enters from down* L.)

ENSIGN. Lieutenant Hastings, sir.

Enter HASTINGS, R., *followed by* NOLAN. NOLAN *wears a plain blue uniform with plain buttons; he is followed by a guard and one of the crew with his luggage.*

HASTINGS (*salutes* BIGELOW. BIGELOW *and his officers return salute; officers withdraw to one side*). Captain Bigelow, by order of the government I deliver to you Mr. Philip Nolan. (NOLAN *salutes.*)

BIGELOW (*to* CAPTAIN'S BOY). Show Mr. Nolan to his quarters.

(BOY *leads way to cabin door;* NOLAN *follows and enters cabin, followed by man with his luggage. Man immediately reënters and exits* R.; NOLAN'S *guard remains by* R. *entrance.*)

HASTINGS. You have received your orders in regard to the prisoner?

BIGELOW. I have.

HASTINGS. Then there is nothing more for me to say. I wish to go at once without a word to Mr. Nolan. We

were boyhood friends. This has been very hard for me to do.

BIGELOW. I can well understand that, sir.

(*They salute; the other officers salute* HASTINGS. HASTINGS *exits* R., *followed by guard.* ENSIGN *follows.*)

HAINES (*to* BIGELOW). Did you notice the buttons on Mr. Nolan's uniform? No initials or insignia! Perfectly plain!

BIGELOW. Yes. Lieutenant Orville, call the crew together and give instructions regarding the prisoner.

(LIEUT. ORVILLE *exits* R.; *the officers gather about the deck rail talking together;* NOLAN *enters from cabin. Call for "assembly" is heard off stage.*)

NOLAN (*looks about*). Where—where is Lieutenant Hastings?

BIGELOW. Gone, sir.

NOLAN. Gone? (*Quickly passing it off.*) Of course. He had urgent business elsewhere. Are we about to go on a long journey?

BIGELOW. To the Cape and then up the Indian Ocean.

NOLAN. Fine! I have always wanted to travel. How fortunate I am!

(*There is a sound of cannon in the distance.*)

BIGELOW. What is that? (*Listens for a second; calls to lookout.*) Lookout!

VOICE (*from above*). Firing on Fort Sumter, sir!

BIGELOW. And that means war!

(*The officers at the rail are very much excited;* BIGELOW *steps toward them.*)

NOLAN (*hurrying after* BIGELOW). Captain Bigelow! (BIGELOW *turns.*) Signal Lieutenant Hastings to return!

BIGELOW (*surprised*). What do you mean, sir?

NOLAN (*excited and not realizing what he is saying*).

He mustn't leave me here! I am an officer and my country is at war!

BIGELOW (*slowly*). You forget, *Mr. Nolan,* that you have no country!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

CHARACTERS

CAPT. INGRAM.
LIEUT. BREENE.
LIEUT. DUNSTAN.
LIEUT. MORRIS.
LIEUT. NELSON.
JOE, BILL, JIM, *and one or two extra sailors.*
CAPTAIN'S BOY.
PHILIP NOLAN.
COLORED MUSICIANS.
MRS. HAYFORD
ALICE PHILBROOK
MISS LIVINGSTONE } *Guests.*
MISS AUSTIN
MISS GREYSON
Several British officers and their wives.

(NOLAN *is thirty-one.*)

SCENE III

SCENE.—*Aboard the "Resolute," ten years later, in the Bay of Naples. Remove cabin, extend deck rail down* R.; *overhead decorations, strings of flags and Japanese lanterns; deck rail festooned with bunting; stools and buckets covered with flags of different nations.*

(*As curtain rises, a number of the crew are at work on the decorations under the direction of* LIEUT. BREENE, LIEUT. DUNSTAN, *and* LIEUT. MORRIS. BREENE *and* DUNSTAN *are young officers;* MORRIS *a few years older.*)

LIEUT. BREENE (*looking up and calling*). Joe! Avast there, Joe!

JOE (*calling down from above*). Calling to me, sir?

BREENE. Yes. You are fastening that line of lanterns too high. Lower it about two inches.

JOE. Ay! Ay! sir.

LIEUT. DUNSTAN (*discovering flags on the stools and buckets*). Well, look at this! Who draped these buckets?

BILL (*stepping forward*). I did, sir.

DUNSTAN (*pointing to the flags*). Don't you know any better than that?

BILL. I don't see what's wrong, sir.

DUNSTAN. Well, take a lesson right now. You have draped those buckets with *flags.*

BILL (*quickly*). Not ours, sir.

(MORRIS *and* BREENE *laugh.*)

LIEUT. MORRIS. Good old Yankee Bill!

DUNSTAN (*to* MORRIS). I beg of you, sir, don't interrupt when I am doing my best at instructing the crew. (*To* BILL.) Take those flags up. They represent nations and some one might *sit* on them. Do you understand now?

BILL. Yes, sir.

(*Gathers up the flags; another of the crew winds bunting about the stools and buckets in place of the flags.*)

DUNSTAN (*calling to* BILL, *who is about to exit with flags*). Here! You have forgotten Germany!

(BILL *returns;* DUNSTAN *turns to* BREENE *and* MORRIS; *they stand talking together.*)

BILL (*to one of the crew as he takes up German flag*). I jest as soon they'd sit on this one. My mother-in-law is a German and if the rest of their nation is like her!

JIM. 'Tain't right ter jedge, Bill, an' we ain't no scrap on jest now with any nation.

BILL. Well, if we ever have one with this feller (*shaking the German flag*), I hope they puts me in the front row. [*Exit down* R.

(*It is gradually growing dusk.* LIEUT. NELSON, *a senior officer, enters from down* L.)

DUNSTAN (*turning to* NELSON). How do we look, sir?

NELSON. Wonderful! I wouldn't have believed it possible.

DUNSTAN. We may not have the handsomest ship that our country can boast, but we are going to do ourselves proud at our first ball.

MORRIS. What is to be done about Mr. Nolan? Does any one know?

NELSON. Yes. Captain Ingram thought he should be invited. He told Mr. Nolan what we were going to do and asked him to be present.

MORRIS. What did Nolan say?

NELSON. Made an excuse and was about to decline, but Captain Ingram said something about our needing his room.

DUNSTAN. I bet that settled it.

NELSON. Yes. Poor Nolan is pathetically anxious to do things for us.

MORRIS. And so he is to be one of us to-night.

BREENE (*looking down* R.). Careful, gentlemen! He is coming.

NELSON (*quickly stepping forward and looking about as* NOLAN *enters from down* R.). Mr. Nolan, we await your congratulations.

NOLAN (*looks about with interest*). Accept them, sir. Your labor has its reward. (*To* MORRIS, BREENE *and* DUNSTAN.) Good-evening, gentlemen.

(*They return his greeting.*)

BREENE. I'm all excited up over this affair. I haven't danced in a year, and I haven't seen a young lady in several months.

NELSON. Ah, that's the excitement, my lad! It's not the dancing. It's the partner. Thank heaven, Nolan and I are growing past the age.

DUNSTAN. Does any one happen to know whom our partners are to be?

NELSON. Why, yes. Wives of some of the British officers.

BREENE. Wives—only?

NELSON. Oh, a daughter or two, I assure you.

BREENE. Ah! That sounds more like it.

MORRIS. I heard the British Consul and his wife were among the guests, and the—er—(*stops embarrassed*) er—Mr. Hayford and his wife.

DUNSTAN. Really? The charming Miss Reynolds! And they say she has never lost her charm.

NOLAN (*interested*). I used to know a Miss Reynolds. She was charming indeed. I wonder if it might be the same?

(*He looks from one to the other of the officers; they are silent.*)

DUNSTAN (*suddenly, to relieve the situation*). Oh, Mr. Nolan, I have a book for you!

NOLAN. Have you? That is good news, I am sure.

DUNSTAN (*slipping his hand inside his coat*). It's a little thing. I slipped it inside my coat. (*Hands a small book to* NOLAN.) A friend sent it to me, and the

minute I opened it I said, "That's the very kind Nolan swallows whole."

MORRIS. Open it up, and let's hear what it's about.

BREENE. Yes, for heaven's sake read, Mr. Nolan, and save my sanity. I never could dance and I can think of nothing but the coming ordeal.

(*The officers laugh.*)

NELSON. The lad actually expects us to accept that as plausible excuse for his nervousness.

NOLAN (*to* DUNSTAN). This came in the mail?

DUNSTAN. Yes.

NOLAN (*eagerly*). And newspapers?

DUNSTAN. Not one to-day.

NELSON. Therefore we are dying to hear something.

NOLAN. I'm always delighted to read, as you well know, but—(*glancing about*) I'm afraid the light ——

BREENE (*calling*). Joe!

JOE (*who is just climbing down the rigging*). Right here, sir.

BREENE. Light up. These first. (*Leads way to deck rail where some of the lanterns are fastened.*) Sit over here, Mr. Nolan. These lights are low enough.

(JOE *begins to light the candles in the lanterns.*)

NOLAN (*sits on stool under the lanterns;* NELSON *and* MORRIS *sit near;* BREENE *and* DUNSTAN *lean on the rail*). This does look good. (*Turns over some pages.*) Sir Walter Scott. His things are always fine. There won't be time for all of this before the guests arrive. (*Passes book to* NELSON.) You take it, sir. I will read where you open.

NELSON. Very well. I'm always a success at taking chances. I promise you the best in the book.

(*Opens book and passes it back to* NOLAN; *as* NOLAN *reads,* JOE *lights the lanterns one by one; off stage, very faintly, the tinkling music of mandolins is heard and a voice singing a Venetian boat song.*)

NOLAN (*reads from book*).

"After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous southern land
Would well requite his skillful hand.

The Aged Harper, howso'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy;

Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!"

(NOLAN *stops with a gasp; the officers look at each other with desperation.* NOLAN, *with an effort, resumes the reading.*)

"If such there breathes, go—mark him well—
For him no minstrel raptures swell,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self—living
shall die."

(NOLAN *jumps to his feet with a choking cry, throws the book over the deck rail and exits down* L.)

MORRIS (*looking after* NOLAN). Well, that's what I call—what I call ——

NELSON. Don't try to call it anything, Morris. There aren't words to describe a thing like that.

BREENE (*to* DUNSTAN). In heaven's name why did you give him that book?

DUNSTAN (*indignantly*). I didn't know what it was. Do you suppose I would do a thing to hurt that poor wretch?

NELSON. Certainly not, any more than the rest of us. It is almost impossible to guard against everything.

MORRIS. I should say it was. I couldn't get used to this in a hundred years. I all but said American Consul.

NELSON. The Consul's wife is the very one Nolan used to know. I look for trouble before this night is over.

BREENE. We won't see Nolan again to-night.

NELSON. Yes, you will. He'll see it through. He living dies. He couldn't have read truer words, but he'll see it through to the end.

Enter CAPT. INGRAM *from down* R.

MORRIS. I think you are right, but just the same we well may feel apprehensive about this evening's affair.

INGRAM (*approaching*). Why, may I ask? I should say we faced a great success.

MORRIS. We were speaking of Mr. Nolan, sir.

NELSON. It seems he used to know Mrs. Hayford before she was married. There may be others he has known. What are we to do? Of course it isn't likely that every one understands the situation.

INGRAM. True. One of us must stay near Nolan throughout the evening. I couldn't think of such a thing as not inviting him to attend. I feel quite sure you all like him as well as I do myself. Personally, gentlemen, I think Mr. Nolan has paid the penalty.

BREENE. Several times over.

DUNSTAN. Ten years without a word of home, and he may live fifty more; who can tell?

MORRIS. It is almost beyond comprehension. Has there never been an effort to have him pardoned?

INGRAM. I think not. He was delivered to me as you see him now, but I understand that during the first five or six years he tried to brave it out by pretending

that he enjoyed traveling and was fortunate to have such a chance.

VOICE (*off stage*). *Resolute* ahoy!

THE CREW (*off stage*). Ay, ay, sir! All ready, sir!

INGRAM. Our guests!

[*Exits down* R., *followed by the others.*

DUNSTAN (*with a hand on* BREENE'S *shoulder as they exit*). Now for it, old chap!

(*Several colored musicians enter from down* L., *get their places, tune up and so forth.* BREENE *and* ALICE PHILBROOK *enter from down* R.; ALICE *is very young and very pretty; the light complexioned fluffy kind of a girl in a pink evening gown.*)

ALICE. Oh, Mr. Breene, I'm so excited!

BREENE. Yes, so am I! That is—I mean ——

(*Stops, embarrassed.*)

ALICE. I never was on a ship like this in all my life. Isn't it lovely? (*Smiles up at him.*)

BREENE (*fervently, gazing down at her*). Isn't it?

ALICE. I am sure if I was a man I would follow the sea. (NOLAN *enters down* L.) Oh, it must be wonderful to be you! Don't you feel just brimful of pride?

BREENE. Over myself? Miss Philbrook!

ALICE. Why not? No man in the world has so good a right to be proud of himself as the one who wears a uniform with honor to his flag and country. (*Catches sight of* NOLAN, *who turns and exits.*) Oh, Mr. Breene, who is that?

BREENE. Who? Where?

ALICE (*looking down* L.). Over there. He was coming this way but he turned back.

BREENE. Oh, that is—er—that is—just a—a passenger.

ALICE. He is the saddest looking man I ever saw. He looks as if he hadn't a friend in the world.

BREENE (*looking after him*). I'm afraid he feels that way. (*Abruptly changes subject.*) Miss Philbrook, will you dance with me? The first, I mean?

ALICE. I'd love to. Where do we dance?

BREENE. Right here.
ALICE. Really! What fun!

(*Music starts—a dreamy waltz. Officers enter from down* R., *also extra visiting officers and their wives and daughters.*)

LEADER OF BAND. The waltz, gentlemen and ladies!

(*The younger officers and ladies dance.* CAPT. INGRAM, *with some of the older officers and their wives, form a group at one side, talking and watching the dancers; as the music stops the officers and their partners come together near the front of stage.*)

MISS LIVINGSTONE. Isn't this glorious?
MISS AUSTIN. Heavenly! Such a night!
MISS GREYSON. Such music!
MRS. HAYFORD (*bowing to the officers*). Such partners!
OFFICERS (*applauding*). Ah! Thanks! Bravo!
ALICE. Oh, couldn't we have some real American dances? They're such fun!
MISS L. Dear me! What are real American dances? I'll wager —— (*Hesitates.*)
OFFICERS (*eagerly*). What?
MISS L. —One of my roses that you can't name a dance that didn't have its origin outside the U. S. A.
DUNSTAN (*quickly and triumphantly*). The Girl I Left Behind Me! Miss Livingstone, a rose!
MISS L. (*takes a rose from her dress and hands it to him*). You win! I never heard of it.
MISS G. Oh, can we have it?
LADIES (*delighted*). Oh, yes, please!
BREENE. Surely. I will speak to the leader.

(*He goes to the* BAND LEADER *and consults with him.* NOLAN *enters from down* L.; *he is followed by the* CAPTAIN'S BOY. INGRAM *notices* NOLAN; *he glances quickly from the dancers to where* BREENE *is talking with the* LEADER; INGRAM *speaks quickly to the* CAPTAIN'S BOY; NOLAN *looks about with interest.*)

ALICE (*to the officers*). You will teach us?

DUNSTAN. Will we?

MORRIS. I rather think we will.

LEADER. Gentlemen and ladies! The next dance —— (*The* CAPTAIN'S BOY *touches him on the shoulder and speaks to him; the* LEADER *pauses for a moment embarrassed, then finishes.*) Yo' partners, please!

NOLAN (*steps toward* MRS. HAYFORD). Miss Reynolds, will you dance with me?

MRS. H. I am not Miss Reynolds any longer, Mr. Nolan, but I will dance all the same. (*She starts to take her place with* NOLAN; *notices* INGRAM'S *look of anxiety.*) Excuse me a moment! (*Leaves* NOLAN *and steps toward* INGRAM.) Never fear! I understand! Leave him to me! (*Joins* NOLAN; *all take places; music starts; the officers instruct the ladies as they dance.*[1] *At the close of dance the officers and their partners form groups about the deck rail.* NOLAN *leads* MRS. HAYFORD *toward the* R. *front away from the others; he pulls forward a stool for her.*) It's many a day since I danced that.

NOLAN. It's many a day since I danced at all. You are staying in Naples?

MRS. H. (*is a little uneasy*). Yes.

NOLAN. You hear from England frequently? Your brother is still there?

MRS. H. Oh, yes. I think he has settled there for life. And Louise is married and living in Paris.

NOLAN. They are well, I trust?

MRS. H. Yes, thank you.

NOTE.—"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is danced as follows: There are four in a set—lady and gentleman facing each other, another gentleman back of gentleman, and another lady back of lady as follows:

Gent. Gent. Lady. Lady.

The couple facing balance, balance again, join hands, dance around to right, then around to left, join right hands, change places, join left hands, change back; then the gentleman dances past his partner, leaving her behind him; then he dances with the lady he is now facing while his former partner dances with other gentleman; now the two couples repeat the figures, at the end both gentlemen dancing past their partners leaving them behind them. This brings the original outside couple to the inside. They dance through the figures, while the original inside couple stand on the outside. At the end, the four come together in four hands around and grand right and left.

NOLAN (*leaning forward and speaking in a low tense tone*). And what do you hear from home?

MRS. H. (*rising and facing him*). Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!!

(*She walks away; he stands for a second as if stunned; then he drops down on the seat she vacated and covers his face with his hands; the music starts for the next dance.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE IV

CHARACTERS

LIEUT. COMMANDER.
JUNIOR LIEUT.
ENSIGN.
PETTY OFFICER.
HARRY, TOM, JOE } *members of the crew.*
PHILIP NOLAN.
LIEUT. MAPLESON.
DIGBY, *a former member of the crew.*

(NOLAN *is fifty-eight.*)

SCENE IV

SCENE.—*Deck of a U. S. torpedo-boat destroyer, May, 1898, several miles off the Cuban shore. Run deck rail across background and across front on line with footlights, making the action between the two rails; continue rails off stage,* R. *and* L.; *have them curve slightly.*

(*As curtain rises, officers and crew are assembled on deck; there are four officers, and forty men, in all, in crew of a destroyer.*)

LIEUT. COM. (*to crew*). Boys, Mr. Nolan is leaving us to-day. I have sent for him to come to us here, for I know you will want to give him a rousing send-off. We have asked the government to pardon him, and so we hope this transfer will mean he is going home. It is thirty-seven years since he has seen his own country. Think what it will mean if they grant him amnesty.

Enter NOLAN, L.; *his left hand is bandaged.*

NOLAN (*to* LIEUT. COM., *glancing about in surprise*). You sent for me, sir?

LIEUT. COM. Yes. The launch from the *Lexington* is approaching. You are going away from us and we want you to know that we shall never forget you. We are very grateful for the service you have rendered us and for the glory your act of heroism has brought to us. (*Takes a sword from the* JUNIOR LIEUT.) Mr. Nolan, my father was a naval officer in the old days. This was his sword of ceremony. I have always valued it above all other of my possessions, but now I want you to have it. (*Gives it to* NOLAN.)

NOLAN. Sir—I—I —— (*Breaks down.*) It is no use! I cannot speak.

(*Turns away;* LIEUT. COM. *nods to* ENSIGN.)

ENSIGN. Now, boys! Make them good!

CREW (*cheering*). Mr. Nolan! Mr. Nolan! Mr. Nolan!

NOLAN. If you could understand what this means to me! I shall never forget this day!

(*Off stage, whistle of launch is heard.*)

LIEUT. COM. The launch, Mr. Nolan! (*Smiling at* NOLAN.) They are calling you.

NOLAN. I will get ready to leave at once.

(*Exit,* L.; *officers exeunt* R.; *part of crew exeunt* R. *and* L.)

HARRY. Heaven! I hope the old chap gets his passage home!

TOM. He sure ought to all right, and he's hoping for it. He knows well enough his friends are trying to get him pardoned.

DIGBY (*entering* R., *waving a bunch of newspapers*). Hello, boys!

ALL. Look who's here! Digby! As I live! Hello, boy!

(*They gather around him, clapping him on the shoulder and shaking hands.*)

DIGBY (*delighted*). Well, if this isn't home, sweet home!

TOM. I should smile! How do you like the *Lexington?*

DIGBY. All right, but believe me, I miss the bunch!

JOE. Not any more than we miss you.

DIGBY. And the columns in the New York papers about this li'l' ship! Where's the hero? Who was it done the trick?

TOM. Why, didn't you guess? It was Nolan!

DIGBY. Well, I'll —— Say! I wondered why the papers didn't give a name! I thought some of you fellows had developed into modest little violets. Nolan! Why, how did it happen? The poor old chap doesn't know his country is at war.

HARRY (*scornfully*). Oh, feed your grandmother on an egg diet! Of course he knows we're at war! Maybe

he ain't heard it or seen it in so many words, but he's guessed it before this. He's a mighty bright man, if any one should ask you.

JOE. Sure! And he sees enough in the papers to put two and two together. Why, I heard Lieutenant Fairfax saying he didn't know what to cut from the newspapers. Pretty nearly all the news nowadays deals in some way with the United States.

HARRY. Are we in it? I guess we are!

DIGBY. Well, tell me what really happened! These papers, you know —— (*Crew all start to speak at the same time.*) Hold on! Hold on! One at a time! You talk, Tom! You're good at yarning.

TOM (*throwing his chest out*). Ahem! Well, it was this way. There was a scheme afoot to cut the telegraph cables that connect Cienfuegos with Havana and with Europe. We knew something was doing but of course had no idea what. The officers laid their plans and we slid into the harbor. Just as some of us had been picked for the launch, our four officers were all taken sick at the same time. Dropped right where they stood. Well, Nolan was on the job in a second. You know he's always as good as two doctors and six nurses. He said they were poisoned and told us to tie up the cook. Nolan always suspected he was Spanish and that's just what he was, and he'd overheard the plans. Nolan told some of us what to do for the officers, and then ordered the picked men into the launch and he took command. (DIGBY *makes an exclamation of surprise.*) Yes, sir! Knew all the plans and carried them out! You go on, Joe. You went in the launch.

JOE. There isn't much to tell. We followed after Nolan and went within sixty feet of the beach. There was a heavy sea and we worked three hours under constant rifle fire from the shore troops. Nolan is the coolest man under fire you ever saw. We cut two lines and had just found a third when the Spanish fire got so heavy we had to give it up. They shot Nolan through the hand and this li'l' ship wrecked the Cable Station.

DIGBY. Three cheers! The papers had it nearly right but what a shame not to give Nolan the credit.

HARRY. Go easy! Here he comes!

Enter NOLAN, L.

NOLAN (*shakes hands with* DIGBY). Well, Digby! It seems natural to see you again!

DIGBY. It seems natural to be here, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. Boys, some of you have been kind enough to take an interest in my note-books. I thought perhaps you would like to have me leave one with you. (*Hands a book to* TOM.) I think the History has interested you the most.

TOM. Why, that's bully of you, Mr. Nolan! We'll every one of us read it!

ALL. That's right! You bet we will!

JOE. Why, that book means hours and hours of work.

NOLAN. Not work. Pleasure! A man can't read all the time and my greatest enjoyment has been from my set of note-books. I have kept them all up, eight subjects.

DIGBY (*looking over* TOM's *shoulder as he turns over the pages*). And look at the drawings! Mr. Nolan is a born artist.

(*They gather around* NOLAN *and* TOM, *looking over the book;* LIEUT. COM. *and* LIEUT. MAPLESON *enter,* R.)

LIEUT. COM. (*as they enter*). I can't understand it. I was sure he would be pardoned. He has served his country. Why can't they make a return? He is growing old and —— (*Discovers* NOLAN.) Oh, there he is with the boys!

LIEUT. MAPLESON. Mr. Nolan —— (*Steps toward group.* NOLAN *steps forward, salutes;* MAPLESON *shakes hands with him.*) You are going with me?

NOLAN. When you say the word.

MAPLESON. I am proud that you are to be one of us, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. I thank you, sir. And—where—(*tries to speak naturally*) where are we going?

MAPLESON (*gently*). Away, Mr. Nolan, on government business.

NOLAN. Then we are not going ——

(*Chokes and stops.*)

LIEUT. COM. Mr. Nolan—I am ——

(*Stops, unable to go on.*)

NOLAN. Yes, I know. You are sorry for me. You are all sorry for me. You did your best for me. It is not your fault. I shouldn't have hoped for anything else. I deserve my fate. I brought it onto myself and I must go on to the bitter end—a man without a country!

CURTAIN

SCENE V

CHARACTERS

LIEUT. COMMANDER.
JUNIOR LIEUT.
ENSIGN.
PETTY OFFICER.
MEMBERS OF CREW.
PHILIP NOLAN.
MATE OF THE "ARABIA."
VICTIMS OF U-BOAT *include men, women, a child, a young Belgian.*

(NOLAN *is seventy-six.*)

SCENE V

SCENE.—*Portion of lower deck of a U. S. Scout Ship, 1916, at sea. Bring deck rail together at an angle* C.; *if possible, narrow stairway leading up from* L. *front.*

(*As curtain rises, crew are sitting around mending and reading the newspapers; one writing a letter.*)

DICK (*reading newspaper over the shoulder of nearest neighbor*). They're having a hot time over there all right!

BOB. It'll be a hotter one when we get there!

CREW. Right-o! Leave it to us!

JACK. When we get there—is good.

BOB. We're going all right! Don't fret about that. We can't stay out.

CREW (*in a loud chorus*). We don't want to!

DICK. I bet we get the call before long.

TOM. It'll sure be welcome when it comes! I'm dying to really do something.

(*Throws a book at the man who is writing letter.*)

JOHN (*looking up from letter*). Now what in the deuce is that for?

TOM. Time you quit! Don't you think the poor girl has anything to do but read your scrawls? Pipe up and cheer us up!

BOB. That's right, Johnny! Give us the one about Betsy Ross and the flag she made.

JOHN. Where's Plain Buttons?

DICK. In his room writing a lot of stuff about the habits of the mosquito and the house-fly!

TOM. Good-night! What a life!

JACK. It's too bad to call him Plain Buttons. It may have been all right when he was young.

JOHN. I didn't mean any disrespect to him. I like him as well as the rest of you do. I just can't drop the

habit. This is the second time I've been on the ship with him.

BOB. What in the deuce did he ever do?

JOHN. You can search me! I never heard any one say. I suppose he's about ready to die and people have stopped talking about him. It's enough that he's an exile from the good old U. S. A.

JACK. You've said something. Tune up, Johnny!

(JOHN *sings, crew joining in chorus, "The Beginning of the U. S. A.," or any patriotic song popular in 1916; at close of song a* PETTY OFFICER *runs down the stairs.*)

OFFICER. Say! Do you fellows know what's happened?

CREW. No! What?

OFFICER. We've sighted a life-boat off here full of people!

(*Goes to* R.; *crew scramble up and follow to rail.*)

JACK (*excited*). Are we going to pick it up?

OFFICER. What do you think? Suppose we'd pass it by?

BOB. U-boat victims?

OFFICER. Probably, and you fellows making such a rumpus down here you wouldn't know if you were torpedoed yourselves.

DICK. By heaven, she's black with people!

(LIEUT. COM., JUNIOR LIEUT. *and* ENSIGN *run down the stairs; they are followed more slowly by* NOLAN; *the crew step back and make way for the officers.*)

ENSIGN. Here they are, sir.

(*A number of the crew hurry down* R. *and exit.*)

JUNIOR LIEUT. (*looking over rail*). There are women!

LIEUT. COM. And a child! A little golden-haired girl! (*With a break in his voice.*) I've a little one at home like that!

NOLAN. My God, what kind of warfare is this? When women and little children are the victims?

(*Several of the crew enter from down* R., *bringing with them men, several women and a child.* NOLAN *quickly takes the child in his arms; the* MATE, *who had charge of the life-boat, steps forward.*)

MATE. We are from the *Arabia,* sir. We were on the way to Liverpool.

LIEUT. COM. What happened?

MATE. We encountered a submarine in mid-ocean. We had ten minutes to leave the ship. We saw them sink her.

LIEUT. COM. How long ago?

MATE. Five days.

LIEUT. COM. And you have drifted ever since? All survive?

MATE. All but one. He was sick and he died the second day. (*Glances at one of the women and speaks softly.*) His wife, sir. She's been out of her head ever since.

A MAN (*with a faint attempt at a smile*). I suppose we are in sight of food and a bed if not in sight of land.

A WOMAN. The men haven't eaten for two days. They gave what there was to us women and to my little one.

LIEUT. COM. Great heaven! And I stand here and ask questions! Up-stairs! (*To officers and several of the crew.*) Help them.

(*A sailor takes the child from* NOLAN'S *arms and carries it up the stairs, followed by* ENSIGN, JUNIOR LIEUT., *and several of the crew helping the victims up the stairs.*)

A YOUNG BELGIAN (*eagerly to* LIEUT. COM.). Where are you bound, sir?

LIEUT. COM. Brazil.

BELGIAN (*with a despairing cry*). No, no! Don't tell me that!

LIEUT. COM. Where did you want to go?

BELGIAN. Back to my country! To Belgium!

ALL (*with a murmur of sympathy*). Belgium?

LIEUT. COM. Your home is in Belgium?

BELGIAN. It was, sir. I haven't any home now. Those beasts out yonder burned it down the same day they shot my father. My brother was killed in action and I'm all there is left to care for my old mother, and God knows where she is. I've been working in your country, sir, for twelve years. Think of it, sir! It's twelve years since I saw my home, my people, my native land! And now I was going back to find my mother and fight for my country! There wasn't a minute to lose and they've made me lose five days! Curse 'em! (*Breaks down.*) Curse 'em!

LIEUT. COM. (*putting his hand on the* BELGIAN'S *shoulder*). Brace up, lad! I'll take you to the Mountains of the Moon if necessary! By heaven, I'll send this ship through the Great White Desert but I'll see that you go home!

BELGIAN. God bless you, sir!

(BELGIAN *and* LIEUT. COM. *exeunt by stairs.*)

NOLAN (*to the crew*). Boys, let that show you what it is to be without family, without home, without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, forget you have a self while you do everything for them. Think of your homes, boys; write and send and talk about them. Let home be nearer and nearer to your thoughts the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor boy is doing now. And for your country, boys (*chokes and then goes on*), and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boys, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even,

there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boys, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils out there got hold of her to-day!

CURTAIN

SCENE VI

CHARACTERS

PHILIP NOLAN.
AUSTIN HASTINGS.
DOCTOR.

(*For tableau*—PEACE, VICTORY, LIBERTY, *and* SOLDIERS *of the Allies.*)

(NOLAN *and* HASTINGS *are seventy-eight.*)

SCENE VI

SCENE.—NOLAN'S *quarters on Scout Ship, May 11, 1918, in an American port. This scene should be brought to the front of stage a little at one side; background should be dark curtains; a large map of the United States in 1861 is fastened to curtain, and an American flag of the same period is fastened over a picture of Washington held in place by an American eagle. A cot with a stool near by; at head of cot a small table with Bible and prayer-books.*

(*As curtain rises,* NOLAN *lies on the cot; the ship's* DOCTOR *sits near him, his fingers on his pulse.*)

NOLAN. A little weaker each day, doctor. A little weaker each hour.

DOCTOR (*trying to speak cheerfully*). Now, Mr. Nolan ——

NOLAN (*interrupting*). You try to deceive me, and I love you for it, lad, but you are not a success. I understand.

DOCTOR (*looks away for a second; then speaks with an effort*). Mr. Nolan, we made inquiries for your old friend, Lieutenant Hastings.

NOLAN (*eagerly*). Yes?

DOCTOR. He is living. A retired army officer.

NOLAN. Living! Austin living! He was just about my age. We have done well, we two.

DOCTOR. You would like to see him?

NOLAN. Nobody can realize how much but I understand how impossible such a thing would be.

DOCTOR (*taking a small tablet from a box and giving it to* NOLAN). I want you to take this, Mr. Nolan. I have a surprise for you and I want you to brace up a little. (*As* NOLAN *slips the tablet into his mouth.*) That's it! Now if you will promise not to talk too much but let him do the talking, I'm going to send your old friend in to see you. (*Rises.*)

NOLAN. What do you mean, lad?

DOCTOR. Just what I say.

NOLAN. But how ——

DOCTOR. I will let him tell you.

(*He exits;* AUSTIN HASTINGS *enters, a wonderfully preserved old man, erect, with firm step.*)

NOLAN (*looking at him wonderingly*). Austin!

HASTINGS (*steps to the cot and takes both his hands*). Nolan! My old friend!

NOLAN. I—I think this must be a dream. How—how is it possible for you to be here?

HASTINGS. Because—they say I may tell you—because you are in an American port.

NOLAN (*trying to rise*). You mean—you mean ——

HASTINGS. Careful!

NOLAN. I want to see out my window. (HASTINGS *puts an arm about him; he half rises and looks off to* L.) You mean that out there are American waters? That sandy beach—those green fields—my native land!

HASTINGS. Yes.

NOLAN (*dropping back on the cot*). They have brought me home to die. Thank God for that. Austin, you will tell me now—it can do no harm!

HASTINGS. All that you want to know.

NOLAN. God bless you—but—wait! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know. Once you doubted my loyalty. You ——

HASTINGS. Philip, don't go back, I beg of you. Try to forgive the selfishness, the egotism, the hardness of my youth. I have learned much in the years that have passed. If the thing happened to-day I could see it with different eyes.

NOLAN. There is nothing to forgive. You were right, but now you understand that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, God bless her, a more loyal man than I.

HASTINGS. Yes, I understand!

NOLAN. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are many new stars in it now. I thank God

for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away. I thank God for that. Austin, you remember how I fell? A traitor to my country for the sake of personal fame.

HASTINGS. Why go back?

NOLAN. I must. I want you to know all that I feel. Oh, how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame seems when one looks back on it after such a life as mine. And now across the water another is seeking to destroy the world for just such a reason—personal fame. Tell me, Austin, that our country is doing her part. I know it must be so for they never let me see a paper now.

HASTINGS. Yes, you are right. We have answered the call of humanity, listened to the voice of Lafayette calling down through the ages, and to-day in France a million of our men are fighting.

NOLAN (*joyously*). Under the red, white and blue! Give me my flag, please. (*As* HASTINGS *takes it down.*) Here you see I had a country.

(*As* HASTINGS *gives him the flag.*)

" Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land! "

(NOLAN *is silent for a second.*)

Who is our President?

HASTINGS. Woodrow Wilson.

NOLAN. Is he ——

(*Stops and looks at* HASTINGS *eagerly.*)

HASTINGS. All the nation could ask and more. Three names are emblazoned on the pages of our history, on the hearts of our people—Washington! Lincoln! Wilson! With such a man at the head, with the prayers of our women, with the best of our manhood over there, while back here the heart of America beats for her youths at the front—we cannot fail!

NOLAN. Never! The meaning of that word is unknown to—my country!

(*The curtains open:* VICTORY, PEACE *and* LIBERTY *are grouped together on a pedestal; below are grouped soldiers of the Allies; a band plays the "Star Spangled Banner";* NOLAN *half rises, his flag clasped to his breast;* HASTINGS *stands by him supporting him and the two men gaze at the tableau as if at a vision of the future.*)

CURTAIN

CAUGHT OUT

A Farce in Three Acts

By H. Manley Dana

Nine male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays an hour and a half. De Witt Boyd is jollied into making a foolish bet that he will propose to Bess Mason and be rejected. She overhears the plot and accepts him instead, thus getting both herself and him into all kinds of a mess. A baseball play, full of action and interest, recommended to high schools. Easy and effective; free from royalty.

Price, 15 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL RANDOLPH, DICK ROGERS, JACK DAVIS, GEORGE BROWN, KENNETH MARSH, CHARLIE KING — *playing on the Carlton Springs summer baseball team.*

DE WITT BOYD, *manager of the team.*

HARRY WILKES, *formerly an Amherst pitcher; now wanted to pitch on the Carlton team.*

MR. WEAVER, *afflicted with sunstroke. Has come to Carlton Springs to take the cure.*

BESS MASON, CHRISTABEL LEE — *both staying at the Carlton Springs Hotel.*

HOTEL WAITERS.

Remainder of team and substitutes.

A TAKING WAY

A Farce in One Act

By Innis G. Osborn

Four male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays forty-five minutes. Jacobus Harwinton, a newly-wed with a very jealous better half, gets by mistake into John Halsey's flat, taking it for that of a friend that has been loaned him for his honeymoon, and inherits all of John's troubles, including Jennie, a very up-to-date typewriter, to say nothing of a casual burglar. Very swift and funny and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE

A Farce in One Act

By H. Manley Dana

One male, six female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays half an hour. George Davis, home from Yale with a broken leg, is left in charge of the house for an hour of a rainy day, and thus anchored trouble revolves around him like a wheel, largely turned by the charming Kitty Parsons who takes this chance to be revenged upon him for a little slight. Irresistibly funny to all telephone users. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

MERRY MONEY MAKERS

A Collection of Entertainments for Church or Lodge Performance, Adapted to any Sect or Community

In this volume we have assembled several entertainments calling for a large number of characters such as are in demand for Church and Sunday-School performance in order to employ the services of as many of the children as possible. With these are offered several other popular pieces, new and old. *Price, 25 cents*

CONTENTS

Samantha Snodgrass and the Ladies' Aid. 10 *females.*
The Annual Picnic of the Muggsville Sunday-School. 16 *males,* 24 *females.*
Beresford Benevolent Society. 1 *male,* 7 *females.*
The Emigrants' Party. 24 *males,* 10 *females.*
The Last of the Peak Sisters. 9 *males,* 7 *females.*
The Rag Doll Party. 4 *males,* 10 *females.*
The Summerville Bazar. 21 *males,* 31 *females.*

SHORT PLAYS FOR SMALL PLAYERS

A Collection of Entertainments for Children of All Ages

By Edith Burrows, Gladys Ruth Bridgham and others

This volume offers eight entertainments, old and new, intended for the use of schools and carefully selected to that end. Cleanliness and dramatic interest have been the chief criteria in selection, but the effort has also been made, where this could be done without obtruding it, to embody improving suggestion. The wise youngsters of this advanced generation scent a "moral" afar off and are prone to repel its stern advances, but it is always possible to surround the pill of improvement with a palatable jam of fun. *Price, 25 cents*

CONTENTS

The Key. 16 *boys,* 17 *girls.*
The Children's Hour. 7 *boys,* 12 *girls.*
School Opera. 5 *boys,* 3 *girls.*
Jack and the Beanstalk. 3 *boys,* 3 *girls.*
Bouquet of Rose Spirits. 8 *boys,* 18 *girls.*
Pat's Excuse. 1 *boy,* 1 *girl.*
Grammar School Fun. 17 *boys,* 27 *girls.*
A Temperance Frolic. 3 *boys,* 2 *girls. and chorus.*

CLEVER COMEDIES

For Female Characters

A Collection of Selected Entertainments for Ladies Only by Popular Authors

This collection gives an admirable opportunity to make choice at a small cost of an entertainment for schools or amateur theatricals. All the pieces that it contains have been successful as independent books and are very varied in casts and character. *Price, 25 cents*

CONTENTS

A Corner in Strait-Jackets. 8 *ladies and* 3 *children.*
The Dairy-Maids' Festival. *Any number of young ladies.*
A Daughter-In-Law. 4 *ladies.*
Eliza's Bona-Fide Offer. 4 *ladies.*
Gaffer Grey's Legacy. 8 *ladies.*
The Governess. 3 *ladies.*
The Grecian Bend. 7 *ladies.*
A Sad Mistake. 6 *ladies and chorus.*
Slighted Treasures. 4 *ladies.*
To Meet Mr. Thompson. 8 *ladies.*

HALF HOURS OF VAUDEVILLE

In arranging an entertainment for club, lodge, church or society, how often does the committee in charge find themselves with a half-hour on their hands, for which no suitable feature has been prepared. It is for just such occasions that this book has been arranged. The selections are all up to date, and have been written with the view of pleasing just such audiences. They can be played in any lodge room, church platform, or even in a parlor; and while simple in construction, give ample opportunity for the display of histrionic talent.

By Gordan V. May

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

		Male	*Female*
ONE LITTLE SHOE	Dramatic Sketch .	1	1
JUST NOTIONS	Farcical " .	1	1
AFTER MANY YEARS	Dramatic " .	2	2
A LESSON IN LOVE	Comedy " .	1	1
THE BABY	Comedy " .	1	1
THE BABY . . . same as above, arranged for .		2	
VENGEANCE IS MINE	Tragic Sketch .	2	
DR. DOBBS' ASSISTANT . . .	Farcical " .	6	
FOR THE SAKE OF A THOUSAND	Comedy " .	2	1
MARINDA'S BEAUS	Comic Pantomime	2	1
1750–1912			2

CASTE

An Original Comedy in Three Acts

By T. W. Robertson

Four males, three females. Scenery, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. A reproduction of the famous Boston Museum prompt-book of this sterling play, containing all the customary "business" and interpolations used in the American theatre. Few plays give more even and varied opportunity to its actors or more effectively mingle humor and strong dramatic interest than this, and none ever enjoyed wider or more enthusiastic popularity at the time of its first production. Strongly recommended for amateur performance.

Price, 15 cents

TWO STRIKES

A Baseball Comedy in Two Acts

By Thacher Howland Guild

Six males, one female. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a quarter. Originally produced by The Mask and Bauble Society of the University of Illinois, and highly recommended for similar uses. Very easy to produce, all the parts of nearly equal opportunity, dramatic interest unusually strong. Can be relied upon to please.

Price, 25 cents

THE MAN WHO WENT

(*Originally produced under the title "The Black Feather."*)

A Play in Four Acts

By W. A. Tremayne

Seven males, three females. Scenery, one interior and one exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Royalty, $10.00 for the first and $5.00 each for other immediately succeeding performances. An exceptionally stirring and effective play of the Great War, produced with great success in Canada as the successor of the popular "The Man Who Stayed at Home." Jack Thornton, a King's Messenger, entrusted with important state papers for delivery in Vienna, is robbed of them through his attachment to a lady in the Austrian secret service, and his career jeopardized; but by the cleverness and daring of Dick Kent, of the English secret service, who is in love with his sister Evelyn, the plot is frustrated in a series of thrilling scenes, and all ends well. An exceptionally well built drama, full of sensations, ending in a strong last act full of "punch." A good play for any purpose, but ideally suited to the temper of the present. Plenty of comedy, easy to stage, and confidently recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

CHARACTERS

DICK KENT, *in the English Secret Service.*
JACK THORNTON, *a King's Messenger.*
BARON VON ARNHEIM, *in the German Secret Service.*
SIR GEORGE CAXTON, *in the British Foreign Office.*
HOGUE, *a German spy.*
BARNES, *a chauffeur.*
PATTON, *a keeper.*
EVELYN THORNTON, *Jack's sister.*
COUNTESS WANDA VON HOLTZBERG, *in the Austrian Secret Service.*
LADY VENETIA CAXTON, *Sir George's wife.*

The action of the play takes place in the early summer of 1914.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Jack Thornton's chambers in Portman Square, London. Dealing the cards. "Beware of the dog."

ACT II. A retired corner of Sir George Caxton's estate in Kent. Dick takes the first trick. "The son of his father."

ACT III. Jack Thornton's chambers. A bold play. "Drive like the devil, Barnes—we've got to make Charing Cross by nine."

ACT IV. Jack Thornton's chambers. Dick wins the game. "Tightening the bonds of Empire."

OUTWITTED

A Comedy Dramatic Novelty

By Harry L. Newton

One male, one female. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Sherman, a United States Secret Service man, encounters Sophie, supposed to represent the enemy, and a duel of wits ensues. Very exciting and swift in movement, with an unexpected ending. Good work and well recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

THE MATRIMONIAL FOG

A Society Drama in One Act

By Florence Clay Knox

Three males, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, a veranda or room in a Country Club. Plays thirty-five minutes. Jack Dunlap, an expert in the art of flirtation, has foolishly agreed to give a "demonstration" of his skill to Amy, the wife of a friend, Gerald Fox, with whom he is secretly in love and who has boasted that she has never been flirted with. He is shocked to receive from her, under the stimulation of his processes, proof of a wavering loyalty to Gerald. Gerald, who has agreed to undertake a perilous war service, is suddenly summoned to the task, and Jack, as the only way out of the entanglement, contrives to go in his place. A cleverly imagined and gracefully written little play of strong dramatic interest that can be warmly recommended to the best taste. Royalty for amateurs, $5.00 for each performance. *Price, 25 cents*

CHARACTERS

JACK DUNLAP, *a young bachelor.*
GERALD FOX, *a young married man.*
AMY, *his wife.*
BILLY, *a bell hop.*

THE POLICE MATRON

A Drama in One Act

By Carl Glick and Mary Hight

Three males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. Frank Clemens and James Gordon, State's Attorney and Police Captain, are trying to "get" Mary Casey, the Police Matron, who has become aware of their crookedness, when there comes into her hands professionally a lady arrested for shoplifting. They find her after this interview with a roll of bills in her hands and appearances much against her, but the tables are turned when the unknown woman turns out to be the wife of Clemens, the State's Attorney. A thrilling little play with lots of "punch," strongly recommended. Royalty for amateurs, $5.00 for each performance. *Price, 25 cents*

CHARACTERS

FRANK CLEMENS, *state's attorney.*
JAMES GORDON, *police captain.*
MARY CASEY, *police matron.*
A WELL DRESSED WOMAN.
AN ATTENDANT.

THE BONE OF CONTENTION

A Fairy Drama in One Act

By Genevieve K. McConnell

Three males, eight females. Scene, an interior; costumes, fanciful. Plays thirty-five minutes. A bright and amusing little allegory of the struggle between the old and the new practice of medicine, the "fairies" Fresh Air, Plain Food and Sound Sleep, combatting Medicine, Mustard and Bedclothes to save the life of the Child. One of those bits of fancy that is able to amuse children and adults equally, if from quite different angles of appreciation. Heartily recommended both as drama and doctrine. Royalty for amateurs, $5.00 for each performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE ADVENTURES OF GRANDPA

A Farce in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Four males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays a full evening. No royalty. Monte Ray gets word from his grandpa, Otis Hammerhead, from whom he receives an allowance, that he is about to pay him a flying visit. As one of the excuses that he has made to secure an increased income is that he has married, he has to have a "wife" to show, and borrows for the afternoon Lucy, the wife of a close friend, Tod Hunter, much against Tod's will. This answers very well for an hour or so, but when the house is quarantined because the cook has smallpox, and nobody is allowed to leave, matters get a little complicated. A screaming farce introducing dancing, if desired. Very easy, funny and up-to-date, and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MONTGOMERY RAY ("MONTE"), *Grandpa's grandson.*
TOD HUNTER, *a young dancing master.*
OTIS HAMMERHEAD ("GRANDPA"), *from Yellow Bud, Ohio.*
OFFICER MCCORMACK, *who seen his duty and done it.*
LUCY HUNTER, *our little wife.*
DOROTHY MAY, *just out of college.*
MRS. PANSY HOPSCOTCH, *fair, fat and forty.*
MARIE RIBEAU, *the girl from Paris.*
KLOOMPY, *twelve days from Copenhagen over.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—That afternoon. Grandpa arrives. Quarantined!

ACT II.—That night. Pansy almost breaks out, so does Grandpa. Smallpox!

ACT III.—The next morning. Kloompy spills the beans. Good-bye, Grandpa!

THE BURDEN

A Play in One Act

By Elma Ehrlich Levinger

Three males, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. This admirable little play won the first prize in The Sinai Center Prize Contest, in Chicago, and is strongly recommended to persons in search of high class material. Mendel Rabinowitz, a "good Jew," who has always obeyed "the law," is dependent upon his daughter, Sarah, and his son Isadore, who, emancipated by their "American" bringing up, find the law a burden and seek to be rid of their inconvenient parent, the one to marry, the other to better his business chances. The old man's struggle against these changes and the abhorrent conditions that they involve is intensely dramatic. A play of unusual power and pathos, strongly recommended to the best taste. Particularly recommended to Jewish societies. Royalty, $5.00 for each performance.

Price, 25 cents

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners."

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
The Americana		11	1½ hrs.	25c	Free
Anita's Trial		11	2 "	25c	"
Art Clubs are Trumps		12	½ "	25c	"
Behind the Scenes		12	1½ "	25c	"
The Camp Fire Girls		15	2 "	25c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1½ "	25c	"
The Farmerette		7	2 "	25c	"
Getting the Range		8	½ "	25c	"
Her First Assignment		10	1 "	15c	"
Hitty's Service Flag		11	1¼ "	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spain		4	½ "	25c	$5.00
A King's Daughter		11	2 "	25c	Free
The Knitting Club Meets		9	½ "	25c	"
A Lady to Call		3	½ "	15c	"
Leave it to Polly		11	1½ "	25c	"
The Minute Man		13	1½ "	25c	"
Miss Fearless & Co.		10	2 "	25c	"
A Modern Cinderella		16	1½ "	25c	"
Moth-Balls		3	½ "	25c	"
Rebecca's Triumph		16	2 "	25c	"
The Thirteenth Star		9	1½ "	25c	"
Twelve Old Maids		15	1 "	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8		¼ "	15c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		½ "	15c	"
The Boy Scouts	20		2 "	25c	"
A Close Shave	6		½ "	15c	"
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	15c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		¾ "	15c	"
His Father's Son	14		1¾ "	25c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		¾ "	15c	"
On the Quiet	12		1½ "	25c	"
The People's Money	11		1¾ "	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1¾ "	25c	"
A Regular Scream	11		1¾ "	25c	"
Schmerecase in School	9		1 "	15c	"
The Scoutmaster	10		2 "	25c	"
The Tramps' Convention	17		1½ "	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1½ "	15c	"
Wanted—A Pitcher	11		½ "	15c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14		2 "	25c	"
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1¼ "	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1 "	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1 "	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1½ "	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number		2 "	25c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	¾ "	15c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1 "	25c	"
Taking the Census in Bingville	14	8	1½ "	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2 "	25c	"
Women in War		11	½ "	15c	"

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Plays for Colleges and High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
The Air Spy	12	4	1½ hrs.	25c	Special
Bachelor Hall	8	4	2 "	25c	$5.00
The College Chap	11	7	2½ "	25c	Free
The Colonel's Maid	6	3	2 "	25c	"
Daddy	4	4	1½ "	25c	"
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2½ "	25c	"
The District Attorney	10	6	2 "	25c	"
The Dutch Detective	5	5	2 "	25c	"
An Easy Mark	5	2	½ "	15c	"
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	25c	"
Engaged by Wednesday	5	11	1½ "	25c	"
The Farmerette		7	2 "	25c	"
For One Night Only	5	4	2 "	15c	"
Hamilton	11	5	2 "	50c	Special
Higbee of Harvard	5	4	2 "	15c	Free
Hitty's Service Flag		11	1¼ "	25c	"
The Hoodoo	6	12	2 "	25c	"
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	25c	"
Katy Did	4	8	1½ "	25c	"
Let's Get Married	3	5	2 "	50c	Special
London Assurance	10	3	2 "	15c	Free
Lost a Chaperon	6	9	2 "	25c	"
The Man from Brandon	3	4	½ "	15c	"
The Man Who Went	7	3	2½ "	25c	Special
The Man Without a Country	46	5	1½ "	25c	Free
Master Pierre Patelin	4	1	1½ "	50c	"
Me and Otis	5	4	2 "	15c	"
The Minute Man		13	1½ "	25c	"
Mose	11	10	1½ "	15c	"
Mr. Bob	3	4	1½ "	15c	"
Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard	4	7	2 "	25c	"
Nathan Hale	15	4	2½ "	50c	$10.00
Nephew or Uncle	8	3	2 "	25c	Free
Professor Pepp	8	8	2½ "	25c	"
A Regiment of Two	6	4	2 "	25c	"
The Revenge of Shari-Hot-Su	3	4	1½ "	15c	"
The Rivals	9	5	2½ "	15c	"
The Romancers	3	1	2 "	25c	"
The Rose and the Ring	16	5	1¾ "	25c	"
Sally Lunn	3	4	1½ "	25c	"
The School for Scandal	12	4	2½ "	15c	"
She Stoops to Conquer	15	4	2½ "	15c	"
Step Lively	4	10	2 "	25c	"
The Submarine Shell	7	4	2 "	25c	Special
The Thirteenth Star		9	1½ "	25c	Free
The Time of His Life	6	3	2½ "	25c	"
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1½ "	25c	"
The Twig of Thorn	6	7	1½ "	60c	"

For "special" royalties, see catalogue descriptions for detailed information.

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